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UNLAWFUL SMOKE

The latest statement of the Health Officer, Dr. Woodward, on the subject of the suppression of "unlawful smoke" seems to be well-nigh incontrovertible. Its epitome is that as a large number of manufacturing and other business concerns have successfully complied with the smoke ordinance, there is no good reason why all establishments similarly situated should not be able, if willing, to do likewise. He makes the point, furthermore, that if anyone has employed an alleged smoke-preventing contrivance without exacting proper guarantees for satisfactory service, he has only himself to blame if he finds that he has been imposed upon. It is not a valid plea against the propriety of the legal requirement. It may be possible that the present law is defective in some respects. If any of its provisions are calculated to exact that which is impossible, they ought to be eliminated or amended. The remedy for those who have heretofore laid themselves liable to the infliction of a penalty for non-compliance with the law, or may perchance do so hereafter, lies with the lawmaking power. The absolute prevention of offensive smoke may not be practicable with the known and tried appliances, but so far as invention has furnished the means to minimize the nuisance the public has the right to demand that they shall be put into use. And that is all there is to the whole controversy.

WILLIAM McKINLEY AT HOME

An Address by WILLIAM F. BURDELL, at Dayton, Ohio.

THERE was another McKinley, and this one I approach with reverent feelings of emotion. I stand before him uncovered and feel unworthy. It is almost a holy place to stand. It is the McKinley that was inclosed within the four walls of his domestic life. It was a side of the man that he did not seek to hide, nor yet to parade. There have been unselfish devotees at shrines, but in all the pages of history, biography, and romance there is nothing more beautiful than the simple worship of this great man for the gods of his fireside.

When he took the beautiful young woman to be his lawful wedded wife, to love and to cherish, in sickness, in health, for richer, for poorer, and promised to cleave only unto her until death parted them, he took no light vow. It must have sunk deep down into his heart of hearts. It must have been graven on his soul, for no man ever more literally kept a troth or more faithfully executed a promise. If he had never been a President and if nothing had been known of him but his faithfulness to this frail woman whose life he shared the world would have been better for his living. For years she was an invalid and he cared for her. I have wondered sometimes if that gentleness and consideration for others was not the reflection of his great and beautiful devotion to her.

There were many times when her life hung by a thread, but always guarded in a sleepless vigilance by him. There were depressing times of illness when she groped in the very valley of death. Upon one occasion, as an intimate friend informs me, Mrs. McKinley had a sudden and serious recurrence of her malady. Major McKinley was a Congressman, and in Washington. She was in Canton. The telegram that gave him the news of her illness started him on the way to her bedside within the hour. He was met at the little cottage in Canton by the family physician, who told him as gently and as tenderly as he could that Mrs. McKinley had been insensible for hours and would never rally; that the resourcefulness of medical science was unavailing; that she could not be roused to consciousness. It was 10 o'clock, and the major, after some further conversation with the doctor, dismissed him for the night. The rest of the family retired and he was left alone with his wife. Then he began to chafe her hands, to smooth her forehead, to caress her face with loving touch. He whispered her name. He pleaded for her return. He begged her to stay. "Ida, it is I. I have come home to nurse you back to health." There was no response, yet this lover was not discouraged. The grim conqueror had a foeman that was worthy.

Long after midnight they battled. The man relaxed no effort and on the still air of the night went his pleading cry, "Ida, it is I." There were others awake in the house, but none thought of invading that sacred privacy. They wiped away their tears and listened for a sign of hope. But again it came, "Ida, it is I." Persuading, pleading, entreating—and the tears flowed on. The gray dawn of a cheerless spring morning broke at last and found him hovering over her, undismayed and resolute. The vocabulary of endearments had been exhausted again and again, but not the hope of the confident cavalier who fought. His efforts were redoubled, he bent low and must have told the spirit itself to stay, for she moved, opened her eyes and tightened her grasp of the hand that held her own. "I knew you would come," she whispered, and fell into a sweet, natural sleep.

When the doctor called at 9 o'clock the major met his questioning look of deep solicitude with a radiant smile. "Go in and see for yourself how she is." The gray spring morning somehow glowed with the beauty of sunshine that breaks suddenly behind the black clouds, as if borrowing a light from other skies.

All his life she was first in his mind. I remember on one occasion he took her with him on a short speaking trip. He went to a neighboring State that held him in great esteem. A monster welcome had been arranged. The streets and sidewalks were lined, and it was with difficulty that he reached his hotel. There he tenderly lifted Mrs. McKinley from the carriage, supported her to the elevator and up to their rooms. It seemed that Mrs. McKinley's regular attendant had been detained in Columbus by illness, and the governor felt rather more responsibility than usual. Meanwhile the crowd outside grew enormously. It yelled itself hoarse for its favorite and would not be quieted. The chairman and the committee grew nervous and paced in the parlors. Message after message went up to the rooms of this much desired McKinley, but nothing could move him from her until she had been made comfortable and her slightest wish gratified, until she was content to let him go. There is something fine in this. Above the roar and clamor for his appearance, above the plaudits of his enthusiastic countrymen, above the sweet music of such mighty flattery, he heard only the cry of the delicate woman in his keeping. She was in his charge, and such stewardship should have somewhere or somehow a bright and beautiful reward. He never forgot. There was no question so weighty as ever to dismiss her from his mind. She was always first.

Clara Morris, in her delightful lecture, tells of an incident in a Columbus theater, whither the governor and his wife had gone. Evidently he did not know the bill. It was the harrowing "Article 47" that Miss Morris acted with such startling reality. When the governor became fully cognizant of the situation his interest in the play was gone. He watched and diverted his wife during the trying mad scene. Miss Morris says the stage people saw the rival performance in the box. He wanted her to go out, but she shook her head. Then it was that he busied himself to lessen the effect of the distressing play. He whispered to her, touched her hand and kept her from an absorbing contemplation of the heroine's wretched fate. He succeeded, and Mrs. McKinley left the theater without harm. It was but another proof of his watchful care.

Whenever her indisposition seemed about to intrude itself it was his voice and touch that recalled her. I called upon them in their rooms at the hotel one evening. Mrs. McKinley told me that the southeast corner, with its two windows, was her favorite place. "Yes," I answered, "it is a cheerful spot, and you have the sun three-fourths of the entire day." "So I do," she answered; "I had not thought of that. I like it because I can see the major and wave to him until he passes the third telegraph pole on the other side of the street." The light and the warmth of her world was he whose going and coming she watched.

Notwithstanding her continued illness and the always delicate condition of her physical being, she rose upon occasions to the proof of superior womanhood. The governor told me an incident. He had gone to Cleveland to confer with Mr. Hanna, Mr. Herrick and others of his friends. It was at the time of his financial difficulty, and the matter was being kept from Mrs. McKinley. Her woman's instinct told her that something was brewing; there was mystery in the air, and the usually frank, confiding major was noncommunicative. Then it was that she forced her way into the room where the consultation was being held and demanded to know the truth. She was told briefly and fully that her husband was hopelessly involved by his indorsement for his friend. "Then," said the governor to me, and there was moisture in his eyes and tenderness in his voice, "she asserted herself. She told the gentlemen that her own property must be used to pay the last dollar of my obligation. Think of it! She, whom we had guarded so carefully, came with splendid heroism to my rescue."

I do not think there was a sadder thing in all the tragedy that took McKinley from us than the spectacle of this pathetic little woman who was left behind.

CONGRESS SHOULD ACCEPT THE STATUE OF PERE MARQUETTE

By Hon. HENRY F. NAPHEN, Representative From Massachusetts.

THE old Hall of Representatives was wisely set apart for "the effigies of two chosen sons of each State." Here may be seen in chiseled marble Washington, Adams, Winthrop, Clinton, Webster, Jackson, Jefferson, Benton, Hamilton, Stark, Lincoln, Cass, Shields, Garfield and many other illustrious sons whose memory the nation will ever honor and "whose fame and talents are of the treasures of the whole country."

The great State of Wisconsin has sent the statue of Pere Marquette to be one of her representatives in this modern pantheon. Congress, actuated I know not by what motive, has thus far neglected to accept this work of art. We have recently erected the statue of Rochambeau and thereby very properly acknowledged our debt of gratitude for his work in our dark hour. May we never forget the aid of France and the work of Rochambeau, and may the friendship existing between both republics be never broken.

But no son of France rendered greater service to the United States than this illustrious Marquette. His work cannot be denied him unless the pages of history be rewritten. It should be none the less worthy because he was prompted by his zeal for Christianity. To the courage and ardor of this missionary and explorer we owe the first map of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He labored day and night, exposing himself to every danger and hardship for the sons of the northern wilds in whose untutored minds the seeds of civilization and Christian virtues were planted by him, thereby paving the way for the State builders, whose work has been crowned by the magnificent growth of the States of the great West as they exist today.

Congress should not delay longer to do even tardy justice to the memory of Marquette. Could the marble lips of Washington, Adams, Winthrop, Benton, Jackson, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Garfield speak, would one of them indorse the action of Congress or request the removal of his statue? No, not one! Can Congress, then, afford to be less generous than they would be? It should not withhold its seal of approval any longer. Now is an opportune time to act. To hesitate will justify a conclusion in the public mind, that no patriotic motive prevents favorable action.

IS CRUELTY INSEPARABLE FROM WAR?

By O. O. HOWARD, Major General United States Army (Retired), In the "Independent."

OF COURSE, the answer to this question turns upon the word cruelty. If killing in action, wounding, sickness in hospital or elsewhere, produced by exposure, are defined as cruelty, no question arises, for then there can be no real war without cruelty.

But the army officers would not define the death of a soldier on the field of battle as death from cruelty. If in angry hate an enemy took his bayonet and stabbed a wounded man, it would exhibit cruelty. If, as in Lord Wolseley's campaign in Egypt, men armed with scimiters would creep around, hamstring the horses, and slay every helpless victim that they could reach, it would be cruelty. The seizing of men, women and children, torturing men in every conceivable way, and scalping them, often while alive, as the plains Indians have done in their wars, is properly called "horribly cruel." Driven to madness by Indian cruelties, our soldiers have sometimes retaliated by the most cruel methods, but as a rule they have not done so, but carefully confined themselves to the regulations and rules of civilized warfare.

During our long civil war I was in many battles, and have tried to describe some of them. I recall but few instances where intentional cruelty was involved. The white flag was always respected on both sides of the conflict. Prisoners taken on the Confederate side were usually well treated, at least until they got into the hands of the prison keepers. If the Union prisoner or capture was stripped of his clothing and valuables, he rightly complained of it as an outrage; so did the Confederate if he fell into the hands of some rough cavalry sergeant. But all the outrages of Libby, Andersonville, and other prisons were not a necessary part of war, no more than were the British prison ships in the harbor of New York during our Revolutionary struggle. Admit, then, that for the most part the operations and battles of our country have not violated the laws of civilized warfare, and have not necessarily involved cruel methods, cruel treatment of prisoners or of non-combatants: is war ever necessarily cruel—that is, cruelty inseparable from war?

General Sherman said to me often: "Howard, war is cruelty, and you cannot too much refine it." He meant that war involved suffering and losses that went with every march; but he never meant to justify robbery, murder, rapine, and such things as civilized warfare interdicts.

At times, however, war with all the restraints a Havelock would put upon it, is intensely cruel.

First. As against spies. What helped Sheridan more than any other one thing was the carefulness with which he found out the numbers and the intentions of his opposing general. He hired men with his own money to go into the enemy's camp and bring back the information he needed. He kept himself well informed of what orders were issued against us, and of all movements on foot.

General George H. Thomas was always most careful to employ "good spies." The welfare of his own army depended on the information he thus gained.

Well, then, why try by court-martial and hang an enemy's spy? The law of war still requires that. Under McClellan a lieutenant of our army went over to the Confederates, and then became a spy for them. He was caught, closely confined, and soon hanged.

Under General Harney in Mexico several soldiers deserted to the Mexicans and became spies and informants against their country. Harney captured them and had them hanged. It is said that he expressed his opinion of them in his own strong language while they were dying.

After all their work, however diligent, and their terrible exposures, the spies are never treated like honorable men. Almost universal distrust awaits their future. They are among the ostracized. It is a terrible cruelty.

Second. As against guerrillas. Guerrillas proper are those who are carrying on war without the pale of an army. They wear no uniform; they plunder and burn houses; they slay often the most harmless non-combatants, as did Quantrell's band in Kansas in the civil war.

To stop their horrible work in Tennessee, Gen. George H. Thomas, who was the kindest and gentlest of commanders, issued the severest orders which he could dictate. The general had but one line of supply over the Cumberland range of mountains; it was by a railroad with many tunnels and bridges. The guerrillas would burn his bridges and choke up his tunnels with logs and rocks. The organized forces of the Confederates he could manage and care for, but the guerrillas, claiming to be innocent non-combating civilians, were too much for ordinary methods. He at last gave public notice that if a certain tunnel were disturbed by obstructions every house within five miles would be destroyed. No tunnel after that was obstructed and closed. Generals on both sides in that war resorted at times to that law of retaliation. It was done to protect our officers with the colored troops. There was uncalled-for cruelty first, and then on the other side retaliation. This process is essentially cruel and seems inseparable from warfare.

It may be further illustrated by well-known incidents in the line of endeavoring to constrain an enemy by unusual and cruel methods. For example, the use of torpedoes buried in paths and roads near and under slopes leading to fortifications. It was done by the Confederate commander at Yorktown, Va., in the spring of 1862. As soon as our commander found that our soldiers were being killed and maimed by these torpedoes after the Confederate works above Yorktown had been abandoned, he immediately declared that such use of the torpedoes was a cruelty and against the laws of modern war, and he had the Confederate prisoners who were in our hands marched to the front. He then directed that they hunt up these hidden projectiles and dig them up. It was done by these poor fellows, I believe, without further accident or sacrifice. Still those prisoners were not blamable for the torpedo game and might have suffered horrible mutilation and death. That was cruelty.

I have used the incidents on our side. Doubtless Confederate commanders could name as many where they believed they had to retaliate. These things are incident to war and seem a part of it. In dealing with savages often great severity has to be used to protect the lives of the helpless and innocent. As the world advances there will be better methods. If we employ Indians or Macabebes, uncivilized or half-civilized people, to be our scouts or allies, we shall always be subjected to the charge of cruelties and methods of warfare which every true American abominates; but I think when we have rising up against our flag and country organized mobs and robbers who bury their enemies alive; subject them, not only to horrible deaths, but to preliminary tortures, and when those so-called "enemies" are worthy people, hurting nobody, but looking to our army for protection, that we ought to be very careful not to condemn the army for severe measures which appear to be necessary. An army or a police means the exercise of force. If we mean that it shall never exercise force, then why have an army or a police at all?

RODENTS.

The problem of rats is a serious one in every large city, and many are the devices intended to solve it. A rat-chaser in Chicago thinks he has hit upon one which is absolutely certain.

The plan may not commend itself to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but unless rats and other pests are to be allowed free board and lodging at the public expense there must be some measures taken to get rid of them, and this is not so bad as rat poison. The Chicago man found that the feet of rats and mice are very tender, especially on the under side. He manufactured a chemical which is irritating to the feet, and also to the lungs, and sprinkled it around where rodent inhabitants are thickest. The rats' feet come in contact with the powder and begin to smart, and the animals sit up and lick their paws. Then the powder gets into their throats and eyes and causes discomfort there, and the result is that the wise rat—and rats are extremely wise for their age and opportunities—gets out of that place and hunts a home where no rat powder is sprinkled about for him to tread on.

Rat poison is open to the very grave objection that the rat is liable to die at home, whereupon the wall must be taken down before the room inside is habitable for human beings. Hence this means of getting rid of the pests has been generally abandoned in dwelling houses. A good cat will keep a place reasonably clear of mice, but the cat which will catch the rat, according to the nursery primer, is an uncommon animal, for rats are fighters, and some of them are a match for most feline police. Terriers are useful, but not quite satisfactory. Some people claim that the old-fashioned plan of inviting the rats, by letter, to leave the house and go elsewhere, is efficacious, but on the whole, rat powder sounds more promising than even this.

THE FERTILITY OF VOLCANIC SOIL

INSTANCES of the fertility of volcanic soil are by no means confined to Italy and Sicily, says the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat." The mountain ranges of France and Germany abound with volcanoes supposed to be extinct. All evidences of volcanic action disappeared ages ago, yet the soil is almost pure volcanic dust, and in this decomposed lava are grown the grapes which make the best wines of both countries. It is true almost anything else may be grown in the volcanic soil, but for some unknown reason it seems best adapted to the grape. Larger and apparently finer grapes are grown on the comparatively level plains below, but it is generally conceded that the volcanic hillside produces a fruit which yields a better quality of wine. In Italy and Greece, particularly in the Greek islands, many, if not most of which, are of volcanic origin, it is claimed that the same difference is observable in other fruits, that the oranges, figs, and dates grown in the dust of extinct volcanoes are superior in quality and size to those grown elsewhere and more delicate in flavor and perfume.

The luxuriance of vegetation on the slopes of volcanoes has been noted in every country where volcanoes exist. The sides of the Hawaiian volcanoes, of those in the Philippines, Java, and Sumatra are simply matted with trees and shrubbery, while in Central America, the same phenomenon has often been noted. The Pacific islands mentioned are built up almost entirely from the ejections of volcanic matter, so that one part is probably almost as fertile as another, but even so, there seems an added fertility in the soil of the volcano's slope; the comparatively fresh dust appears more fertile than that which has borne many successive crops of indigenous plants. How quickly nature does her work in rehabilitating the desolated slopes of a volcano after an eruption was shown in the case of Krakatoa. The famous eruption took place in August, 1883, and in January of the following year a large party of English and Dutch scientists arrived from Great Britain and Holland to observe the phenomena of the eruption, and its consequences. They found the main island completely blown away and in its stead two islets, one of which contained a portion of the former crater. Volcanic manifestations were still present, and at a distance of 300 yards from the shore the stones were too hot to walk upon, but for 150 yards from the sea line a fringe of green had already appeared, and the botanist of the expedition counted 123 varieties of plants growing luxuriantly among the still smoking ashes. A spade was brought into use and an excavation made. At the depth of three feet the stones were so hot that steam issued from the hole that was dug. Nature had not waited even for the earth to cool, but with burning sand below and steam rising from every crevice, had begun the work of reclothing the hillside in green. Nature does nothing by halves, and thus from the dust violently thrown from the depths of the earth, she creates a soil as fertile as the alluvium of a river marsh, and more quickly adaptable to the use of man.

AN EDUCATIONAL FAD

ONE of the fanciful works recently published in the name of education is likely to arouse the resentment of righteous-minded parents. It is called a First Reader, and is apparently intended for the use of children in the primary grades. This being so, it seems mysterious that a good part of the contents are such as would tax the brains of the average adult to unravel. If many children are being taught to read by any such system as this, the epidemic of bad spelling and hazy ideas in our public schools is partly accounted for.

We are old in the preface that "it is thought better to omit spelling wholly the first year," because "a pupil who is first trained in phonetics and then taught to spell will be a better speller at the end of two years than if he had been taught the latter without the former or taught both concurrently." We are also told that after the child has "been taught each sound, and the unvarying symbol for that sound" it is easier for him to learn the variations." Of course, as everybody knows, the symbols for any one of the vowel sounds are anything but unvarying: and, in practice, spelling has to be learned by the arbitrary method of associating the pronunciation of each separate word with its spelling. It is not possible, in English, to apply any such logic of orthography as is possible in French or German. In French, unaccented "e" has always one sound, and each accent varies that sound definitely; so of other letters. In English, "e" may have any one of half a dozen different pronunciations, according to the derivation of the word in which it occurs, and as by no possibility can all these derivations be taught to a child learning to spell, the arbitrary method is the only one which will avoid endless confusion of principle with practice.

The idea of applying logic to English spelling at all is pretty bad, but there is worse to come. We are told that a child must be taught to pronounce by such "phonetic exercises" as the following:

"Tek a spunj and luk at it. The litl holz yu si ar selz.

"Litl grin livz and stemz be-gan tu gro."

By close examination one sees that some of the vowel sounds are differentiated from others by a slight—a very slight—difference in the forms of the letters, and by accents. For instance, there is a circumflex accent over the "i" in "grin," supposed to indicate that it is pronounced "green," but one shudders to think how often the average child will spell "green" "grin" in after life when taught by this system. Again, there is a minute difference between the "u" in "spunj" and the same letter in "luk," not enough to attract the attention of the reader of ordinary intelligence. The chances are that the child will not notice it at all except by a painful straining of the eyes. And so with almost every other vowel sound in the list. And this infinitely and diabolically ingenious system is proposed as a substitute for the old-fashioned Webster's spelling book and the New England primer! When the simple-minded makers of those old-time books wanted to teach phonetics, they did it by the plain method of gathering together a lot of words in which the same letters represented the same sounds, and teaching the child to spell those. From spelling "dog, log, bog, fog, hot, cot, dot," he went on to spell "rope, cope, hope," "soap, soak," and other words in which the letter "o" occurred, and his own mind arrived at whatever logical inference there was in the similarity of spelling. In short, he learned to spell in a natural way, not by a complicated and artificial mass of symbols unrelated to the spirit and growth of his mother tongue.

It is hardly conceivable that such books as this are really in any general use in our schools, but if they are, it is about time for parents to investigate the matter and insist on a return to common sense.

ORACULUM

Wouldst live? Then suffer much!
Drink deep the draught of pain.
He has not lived, or he has lived in vain,
Who knows not sorrow—has not felt the touch
Of pity for another—weary strife,
False guided hopes, and love;
These things are Life.

Wouldst hope? Look not behind!
But step upon the past to higher things,
And seek the sunshine. Upon fortune's wings
You yet may soar, and fortune can be kind.
Why not? All life is change—
To all who truly hope,
Naught is too strange.

Wouldst dream? Look in the west!
Drink in the glories of the dying day,
Where cloudy headlands dot the glowing bay,
Where lie the heavenly "Islands of the Blest!"
There love is true, and things are as they seem,
And all is good and fair—
'Tis sweet to dream!

Wouldst rest? Keep conscience clear,
Do well thy work; nor heed the hurrying throng
That tempts aside or bars the way.
Be strong;
Keep faith, go bravely on without a fear
In conscious virtue. They alone know rest
Who labor long and well
And do their best.
—Sarah P. Byrnes in Boston Transcript.

MADAME MELBA'S WIT.

If Lord Wolseley is a strategist on the field of battle, at the dinner table he proved anything but a warrior when parrying the wit of that famous singer, Mme. Melba.

At the dinner in question Mme. Melba was seated at the right of Lord Wolseley, who was on the right of the hostess. The great soldier, turning to his hostess, asked:

"Who is the lady on my right?"

"Why, that is Mme. Melba."

"Who is Mme. Melba?"

"Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?"

"Oh, yes! Born in Australia, I believe?"

And with that the general applied himself to the course then served. After a few moments he turned to the prima donna, greeted her pleasantly, and said:

"You are an Australian, I believe, madame? I know a great deal about your country. My brotfher lives in Melbourne."

"And pray, sir, what is the name of your brother?" the singer naively inquired.

"Goodness! Why, his name is the same as mine—Wolseley!" answered the surprised officer.

"Who is Wolseley? I do not recall that name," Mme Melba explained.

"Why, I am General Wolseley!" replied the astonished officer.

"Wolseley! Wolseley! Wolseley!" whispered the singer, as if appearing to refresh her memory. And then the general applied himself again to the food. He had learned his lesson.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In the Whole Family.

Uncle Whale—I hear you're in a school now, Willie. What do you learn there?

Willie Whale—Nothin' much 'cept to spout."—Princeton Crier.

THE PRESIDENT A PEDESTRIAN.

President Roosevelt repeatedly gives exhibitions of his prowess as a long distance walker, says the Baltimore Sun. He walks whenever the fit seizes him and he has no regular hour for either walking or riding.

An intimate friend from Boston has reason to remember that the President is no ordinary walker, and will probably not be so quick to accept an invitation the next time he visits Washington. Three days ago this friend called at the White House, and after an interview with the President was asked to wait a few minutes while some business was being attended to, after which the President would be glad to have his company for a walk.

At 3 o'clock p. m., an hour later, they started off together, walked rapidly out beyond Georgetown, thence to Cabin John Bridge, seven miles away, and back to the Chain Bridge, which they crossed. Coming down the Virginia side, through brush and woods, they again crossed the Potomac by the Aqueduct Bridge, reaching the White House at 7 o'clock, after traveling more than sixteen miles.

The visitor had an engagement to dine with Senator Lodge informally at 7:30 p. m., and was barely able to reach his hotel. He telephoned the Senator that all that was left of him would soon be in bed; that he had been walking with the President, and the Senator would understand.

COMPLEXION SPECIALISTS.

There are advertised in the South nostrums which it is pretended will turn the complexion white, says the "New York Sun." That shade is guaranteed only to mulattoes, but the advertisers of the drugs profess that even the darkest skin may be made from four to five shades lighter, whatever degree of change that may show.

With this preparation are thrown in mixtures to make the hair straight. The combination is put in a box and at the price of $1 finds many purchasers. The profits of this enterprise are so great that several rival firms make large sums out of it every year.

Strong acids applied to the skin will, of course, take off the outer skin. This may tend to lighten the color of a complexion to some small degree. The effect will not be permanent and the application of the liquids must be frequent. The same sort of preparation used to be sold to remove sunburn. It took off the tan; but it took the skin with it, and after a while the effect of this diluted acid on the skin was found to be so injurious that it went out of use altogether.

WOMANKIND.

I do not say that womankind
Is vanity; nor am I blind
To any virtue of her sex;
But this I'm certain of—she checks
Man's aspiration for the things
His loftiest ambition brings.
She strives to hold him back when he,
Inspired by that Divinity
Which shapes our ends, is urged to take
The dangerous hazard for the sake
Of greater gain in wealth and name;
Nor does it seem to her a shame
When he rejects those strong appeals
For her sweet sake; because she feels
That she, by some predestined plan,
Is truly heaven's best gift to man.

L'ENVOI.

And when he thinks of her as his
He knows she's all she feels she is.
—William J. Lampton.